

a side door & are lost at the point have become before.
You, the lofty arched ceiling, the stupor of aisles
through arch-rays, far, far in the distance. The bronze
canopy over the high altar directly under the tower,
shining light & airy, almost, in front of it the ever-
burning lamps, twinkling like a bed of living flowers.
As you walk up, perhaps at one side, you see the
noble marble basins are supported by cherubs, & find on
approaching them are six feet high! The bronze canopy
is a small church itself, lofty, solid, grand, &
the living flowers are great arms of golden leaves
holding lamps around a massive marble railing,
enclosing the flight of stairs leading to the crypt,
where underneath the high altar, repose the bones
of St. Peter & St. Paul - But I have not the power to
describe the magnificent, glorious effect of the whole,
the soft colour given by the rich marbles with which
pilasters & arch & niches are encrusted, the beautiful
domes with rows on rows of paintings & mosaics! It
is really sublime, & I felt that one body of Christians
should have raised so magnificent a memorial
to religion, to honour to God & Christ & the Church,
with the grandest idea of a building that man ever
conceived - Only when one comes to examine details,
you wish the work had been always consistently

Rome - April 26th - '89

My dear ones,

I had before my journal in a
hurry on Tuesday - scarcely even explaining my
little seed photos - I am sure the funeral in
Naples must look very mysterious. The black cloth
embroidered with gold covers the bier & the sarcophagus
on the top in which is the coffin. And the queer
figures in white, with white cloths over their heads, &
holes cut for the eyes, are either the friends, or charitable
societies who officiate at the burial. - Sometimes they have
hats on too the whole. The old men in long capes & steeple
hats you see constantly, but I did not find out what
they were. It is not unusual to meet just such a funeral.
The women & boys too, selling in the streets little wax &
printed cotton hats, &c -

I left my journal after my first ride in Rome -
I came back early to see a physician, Dr. Valerio, highly
recommended to us - I had been so deranged so long,
Dr. Gray that I had best see some one - He thought he
could soon put me right, & since last few days I have
improved - but I have to measure my sight seeing
carefully & choose only the best things. And I
have made a rule to accept no invitations & make

no calls - Friday or on F. they were up & off early
to go to Civita - Mrs. Greenough & her daughter,
Mrs. Huntington, (then Greenough), & her two daughters,
Anna, Jay & Miss Westbury, Dr. Gray, Digby & Katherine,
George Schuyler & Mrs. Jeff & Mrs. Dana Weston & some
of all off, as the day looked threatening they found
it so dusty driving out, that I think they did not
care so much for the rain they had in some
showers in the Mt. They came home having enjoyed
all very much - Miss Sarah Clarke came to see
me in the aft., a pleasant reminder of my old friends
& friends - Saturday I was quiet, but Dr. Gray & the
girls did a little sight seeing, & so Sunday, saw some
churches, I kept up stairs, trying if better quiet would
do me good - We had very pleasant rooms only they
were up, 5 steps! But everyone, they say, in Rome
lives at the top of the house if they can, the air is better,
& more sun-shine - They were the rooms in part
Frank Lee had - And Mr. & Mrs. Sweet & myself were
were below us in the same rooms they had had all
winter. I was returned from Naples just before us -
Monday Anna Gray came & took Dr. Gray & me a
beautiful drive across the town, over the Tiber, out
through a gate where was a fine fountain, a just
beyond, the grounds of the Villa Pamphili - Roma, through
which the citizens never allow two carriages to

drive, looking down over the pretty garden, seeing the
fine view of the Campagna one side, a grand view of
St. Peter, its huge size & the enormous piers of building,
on the other - through groves of stone pine, pretty
park like green, fountains, &c. &c. A charming
place & drive in. We came back through the
Piazza of St. Peter's the noble colonnade, the fine
square with its central obelisk & beautiful foun-
tains, very grand & impressive - Then by the Castle
of St. Angelo, & over the bridge, with its fantastic
saints portering each side, & so back again &
up on to the Pincian hill, which is a beautiful
garden with trees & fountains, laid out on a
high hill. Commanding lovely views, & then home.
Dr. Gray & the girls went to a reception at Mrs. W.
Greenough's in the Ev. I had not seen Katherine in
Ev. dress before, & it is very becoming - she wore
her low-necked blue silk -

Tuesday I had my first view of St. Peter's the
outside is not very impressive, it is too broken, &
though immense, not grand - But the inside
is far beyond my conceptions of beauty & grandeur
I've always heard of the dome, & I had imagined
it better much the inside, But passing through
the grand porch, the magnificent bronze door
remains only opened on state occasions, the pinches

it goes beyond anything - Inside it was not so fine, the ceiling is flat, & almost gaudy with great reliefs of candle sticks, & lamps, keys & popes' crowns! Though in the great length Dr. Gray & Charles looked dim in the distance, as I sat within the door - It claims to be the first church in the world, & its chapter take precedence of St. Peter's. The next day we went first to the church of St. Pietro in Vincoli to see the famous statue of Moses by Michelangelo, & I confess I was disappointed - It is a grand magnificent statue, but not Moses - He was a grander man than that, more earnest power & a deeper strength. A statue of religion at the side I liked, also by Michelangelo. There was a great picture of St. Margaret & her dragon & St. Germain in a little chapel close by, & the monk took us into the sacristy to see the bronze cabinet, where are kept the chains that bound St. Peter in prison & that are only shown at great times, & then another room, there was a beautiful picture by Domenichino of the angel making St. Peter to release him, the sweet, earnest angel face, the benighted look of the half-smoked Peter, & the stupid look of his soldier guard - Then we drove around the Palazzo & walked inside in the beautiful Cour d'Or - The pretty mild flowers grow in beds all over & add a race to the picturesque & enormous pile - I can't say so much for the shabby interior

pure in motive throughout, & it does mean some glory too - There are too many theatrical saints & grand statues of popes, & little self-glorifications of what their magnificence did, in their coats of arms, & inscriptions, & oblong tombs - But fortunately many of these things are quite lost in the vastness, & one may enjoy the harmony, the beauty, the sublimity of the whole without noticing the detail. Though one might spend months in studying the architecture, the beautiful copies of the masterpieces of painting in mosaics, or perfect & did not seem at first & they were not paintings, & the side chapels, superb little churches in themselves. We stayed a long while, & I came back well tired with almost too much for the mind to take in - Ah, me! How poor & flat all I can write is! - Mr. Crayfellow made me a pleasant call in the aft., & to our great pleasure Charles arrived quite unexpectedly in the ev. - Looking thin, but reporting himself well, though not strong yet - So next morn., he & I being disposed to do it easy, & leaving Dr. Gray, Katherine & Lizzie to do much more, out early & coming in later, went first to the church of the Cappuccini to see Guido's famous picture of St. Michael conquering the evil one - To

any ravine can do justice to the enchanting beauty of
the arch-angel's face! The child like innocence &
sometimes, the angelic purity that looks only with
sorrow that when it is overturned sea it vanishes
so lightly yet so surely under foot & pushes down, down
out of sight - Then we drove up in front of ~~the~~ one
of the very few handsome churches externally, in
Rome, St. Maria Maggiore standing on a broad ^{piece} ~~piece~~
& looking down a long ascent. Most of the Roman
churches are ugly outside, ill-proportioned - but facades,
inside is the rich effect of inlaid marbles & carvings,
statues & bas-reliefs, paintings & ornament - And how
great beauty of proportion as it was in the next
one we visited, St. Maria dei Angeli, which Michel
Angelo built in the baths of Diocletian, appropriating
the grand sweep of arches & the lofty pillars of Egyptian
granite marble, & making so a Greek cross, ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~columns~~
around at the corners - A round portico, which was
formerly part of the bath, contains the tombs of Sal-
vator Rosa & Carlo Maratti - The exquisite proportions
was the chief thing to see, so I sat on my stool while
Charles & Mr. Gray, who went with us, made the round of
the church & please the beautiful faced old Peter-
cian monk who showed us about, in his white robe
& hood - Such a beautiful statue of St. Bruno as was there!
Soon they came & move me into the choir & look at

some fine pictures there, the originals of some of the
mosaics at St. Peter's, while they went to see the Cloister,
designed by M. Angelo, & ~~view~~ ^{expresses} created by his hand,
but where women's feet must not tread - I sat &
looked at a beautiful baptism of Christ by Carlo Maratti,
& the death of Sapphira, until they came back with
such lovely views the old monk had given them!
We were quite alone in the church, & the wonderful
beauty of arch & column, done - of proportions I think
impressed me more for that, & the colored marbles
were soft & harmonious - The altar too was simple
& grand, & not so much inlaid ornament to offend
one as we often see - Then we drove by villa walls
with Biancamano across in Roman hanging over, up to the
grand front of St. John Lateran, which stands high on
the outer edge of the city, commanding such a view,
the hills in the distance, the green swelling
vale between, broken with light & shade of green &
colour of rock & building, the foreground of peeps of an-
cient wall & arches of the old aqueducts & bits of ruin,
& on the farther verge, snow peaks, not quite bare whether
snow or cloud - When I could turn & look at the church
it is the grandest front I think I ever saw & a soldier
coming out barely reached the base of the column - I do
not think it so beautiful & impressive as some Gothic
cathedrals I remember - But for grandeur, a single facade,

shows the Catholic Church has erected all around
 the centre of the area - It is strange to see a people,
 with in so many ways such an eye for good effects,
 ever then so with shabby, lowly, miserly imitations
 & additions! - Then driving past the arch of Constantine,
 & up the Via Sacra through the arch of Titus to
 the Palace of the Caesars - The part we went to is
 an charming villa grounds owned by Napoleon III, &
 well conducted excavations going on - But I sat in
 the lovely villa garden, & enjoyed beautiful views,
 while they explored - We met Anna Gray as the first.
 In the aft. Mrs. Huntington came & took me to the
 Villa Ludovici - All these places are comparatively
 short distances, being included within the City walls,
 & many people would walk - This palace villa is
 charming - Just inside the gate is a small group of
 statuary, where there is a grand triumph, & a noble statue
 called Mars, &undry others, then we crossed the garden
 by a shady walk & came to the house on the east.
 lower room was Guercino's Aurora - Brilliant & low, fine
 house, & beautiful faces, especially Aurora's, who is seated
 with little cupids round her in the chariot, & one of the
 central faces in the group of nymphs who stand before, with
 their hands missing away the stars! The cold moonlight
 breaks over the landscape - Then we climbed up a up, many

steps, but more repaid at the end, for the view is one of the
finest I ever saw - We sat there an hour looking over the
city, which is not like our cities, regular blocks & even size, but
what with the hills & the narrow streets, & the high houses,
& the walls irregularly of street & lane & square, &
palaces coming great square masses in every where, & church
towers, & domes, &obelisks, & ruined arches breaking in, for the
baths are the grandest ruins of Rome except the Coliseum;
with great vaulted recesses covering immense spaces, &
then black cypresses pending up a shaft from some cloister,
or stone pines raising their great heads from some gardens,
St. Peter's grand in the semi distance, one side ^{lined} aqueducts
brown over the green fields, on the other the green Campagna
stretching like a green sea. To the Mediterranean just a
line on the shore, the opposite back ground, the beautiful
hills with all shades of mist to mark the distances, &
white villages spotting the sides, & snow tops in the horizon,
You may half imagine how beautiful it was - Then down
through the garden, where we heard nightingales singing,
past the more modern villa where the Prince lives,
& so back to our carriage & down the street round
the corner to St. Capote's face where the distinguished
party are staying - I take a cloack & camp stool every
where to the churches, especially the large ones with galleries
are very cold - And we can sit any where - I wish I
had a gun with me - Ever Affly, Jane L. Gray